



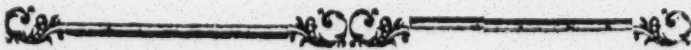
A B S T R A C T S

FROM THE

COMPANION to the GRAVE;

O R,

Every Man his own Undertaker.



(4)



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LATELY PUBLISHED BY

The Rev. AUGUSTUS CARRION, L. L. D.

Of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin;—F. S. A. Chaplain to the Earl of Cavan;—A Governor of the Protestant Charter Schools;—Author of a much truly and justly admired Book, called A Geographical Account of the Magdalens, with historical Notes, representing the Manner of their Seduction;—Also, of an Historical and Chronological Account of all the Archbishops and Bishops that have been for the three last Centuries;—And likewise, of an Historical, Chronological, Philosophical, Philological, Philomedical, and Philantical Account of the late terrible Flood and Overflowings of the river Poddle;—Late Spiritual Comforter to the Magdalens, &c. &c.

Comprised in 42 Vols. Folio.

Illustrated with Copper Plates designed by the Author,
and engraved by the most eminent Artists in *Italy*,
France, *England*, and *Ireland*.

Rident vicini Glebas & Saxa moventem,
————— *at mihi plaudo.*

Ipse Domi.

HOR.

With Notes, Historical, Chronological, Explanatory, and Observatory, by the following most ingenious, facetious, and learned Gentlemen:—The Rev. THOMAS CARR, D. D.—JOHN GILBOURNE, M. D.—The Right Worshipful JOHN CHRISTIAN, L. L. B. and Deputy Judge of the Admiralty Court;—JOHN CHAMBERLAINE, M. D. late punning Surgeon to the Yacht;—And the AUTHOR himself.

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Author's House, No. 3, Bishop street. 1778.

STORAS

THE

to the City;

own



T H E

Rev. *THO. WILSON*, D.D. S.F.T.D.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TO whom could I so properly inscribe this Work, the labour of my life, as to him, who, by furnishing me with hints touching College men and matters, has contributed so amply to its perfection?---Your masterly strokes, and smoothness of verse, will be seen evidently
A in

•
D E D I C A T I O N.

in the second part---I need not point them out.

We have had many pleasing, melancholy hours together, and most agreeable conversations on *grave* topics ; for we, I trust, are among the primitive people that call a *spade* a *spade* : I need not re-*hearse* to you what pleasure I take in such subjects ;---but here let me *plume* myself in your approbation, and *shroud* myself in your example, from attacks which might ap-*pall* a common man.

I shall

D E D I C A T I O N.

I shall ever look on it as the happiest incident of my life, that my being seated in the same mourning coach with you, at a funeral, procured me the honour of your acquaintance: all the return I can make for your many civilities is, to pray, that I may have the pleasure of out-living, attending to the grave, and seeing you decently interred (a thing, I assure you, understood by few).

I promise you, *on my sacred word*, you shall not want a warm shroud, comfortable coffin, easy hearse,

D E D I C A T I O N.

hearse, fresh plumes, good horses,
fine scarfs, genteel mourners,
skilful conductors, able bearers,
adroit sexton, handsome monu-
ment, and decent epitaph, whilst
any influence over undertakers
and Church Wardens is possess-
ed by your

obliged Friend,

AUGUSTUS CARRION.

P R E F A C E.

FAR from the sychophantic, fawning Tribe
Who basely Vend our Freedom for a Bribe,
From Upstarts too, who base Plebeians born,
Tempt not our Envy, but provoke our Scorn;
Far from such Vermin, and the useless Strife 5
That fills the busy Scenes of public Life;
My Muse designs her peaceful Steps to bend,
And to a decent Grave mankind attend;
Attend them with the flowing sable Stoles,
Deep pendant Cypress, and with mourning Poles;
Loose graceful Scarfs, that fall athwart our Weeds,
Long Velvet Palls, sad Hearses, cover'd Steeds,

And

And Plumes of black and white, that as they tread,
 Nod mournful o'er th' Escutcheons of the Dead :
 To stone-bound Grave, or vaulted airy Cell, 15
 (Where swath'd in * filken Shrouds the Corpse
 should dwell)
 Whose Pillars should be swol'n with sculptur'd
 Stones,
 Arms, Angels, Epitaphs, and Knuckle-bones.

Sacred

* Silken Shrouds.—I confess that here I have transgressed on an Act of Parliament, which obliges all Persons to be buried in Woollen Shrouds. But I would wish it to be understood as a Hint, as well to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, as to the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes in Parliament aſſembled, to paſs an Act, entitled, “ An Act to ſuffer all Archbishops, Biſhops, Deans, Archdeacons, Prebendaries, and all Dignitaries whatſoever in Churches or Cathedrals to be interred in ſilken Shrouds;” which Act certainly ſhould paſs, were I the Parliament.

A. CARRION.

Sacred to truth the Epitaph should be,
 Tho' Kitty * tempt me with a Bishop's See : 20
 No fulsome Falshoods should my Couplets grace,
 But stript of Fortune, Title, and of Place ;
 Each Character shall stand the public Test
 Without e'en Metaphor to give it Zest.

Thus

* Cutdash. — A young Lady whose Acquaintance I was advised to cultivate, she being visited by all Persons of Distinction. My Friend Logic assures me her Condescension is amazing ;—but why should I mention any bodies Testimony in preference to my own Experience, having frequently been not only admitted, but even invited to her Embraces ? A favour experienced by very few—as my Friend Mac knows, and Doctor Pomposo will swear.

From the tender Connection which has and still does subsist between Kitty and his Ex——y, as well as from my Parliamentary Views through her *agreeable Medium*, I make no doubt of a speedy promotion to a Bishopric, especially as it is well known that his Ex——y to avoid spending his Money, has bound himself to confer places of Profit on her other Customers, to enable them to make good to her his insufficiencies.

A. CARRION,

Thus for Example (tho' of Deans so fond) 25
 I'd pen the Epitaph of W—l—y B—— :
 But soft, my Muse, as thou regard'st thy Fame?
 No more make mention of that Reptile's Name,
 But leave the Subject to the snarling Crew
 Who in *Perfection's* self some flaw will View;
 To such all *Living Subjects* I resign,
 Thro' *Lifeless* Scenes to stray—that Task be mine!
 Tho' all Parnassus 'gainst me there should join,
 Vain were the force of Phœbus, and the Nine;
 E'en J—ph—s self before my Pow'r should bend,
 And M—l—y thro' constraint my Work commend.



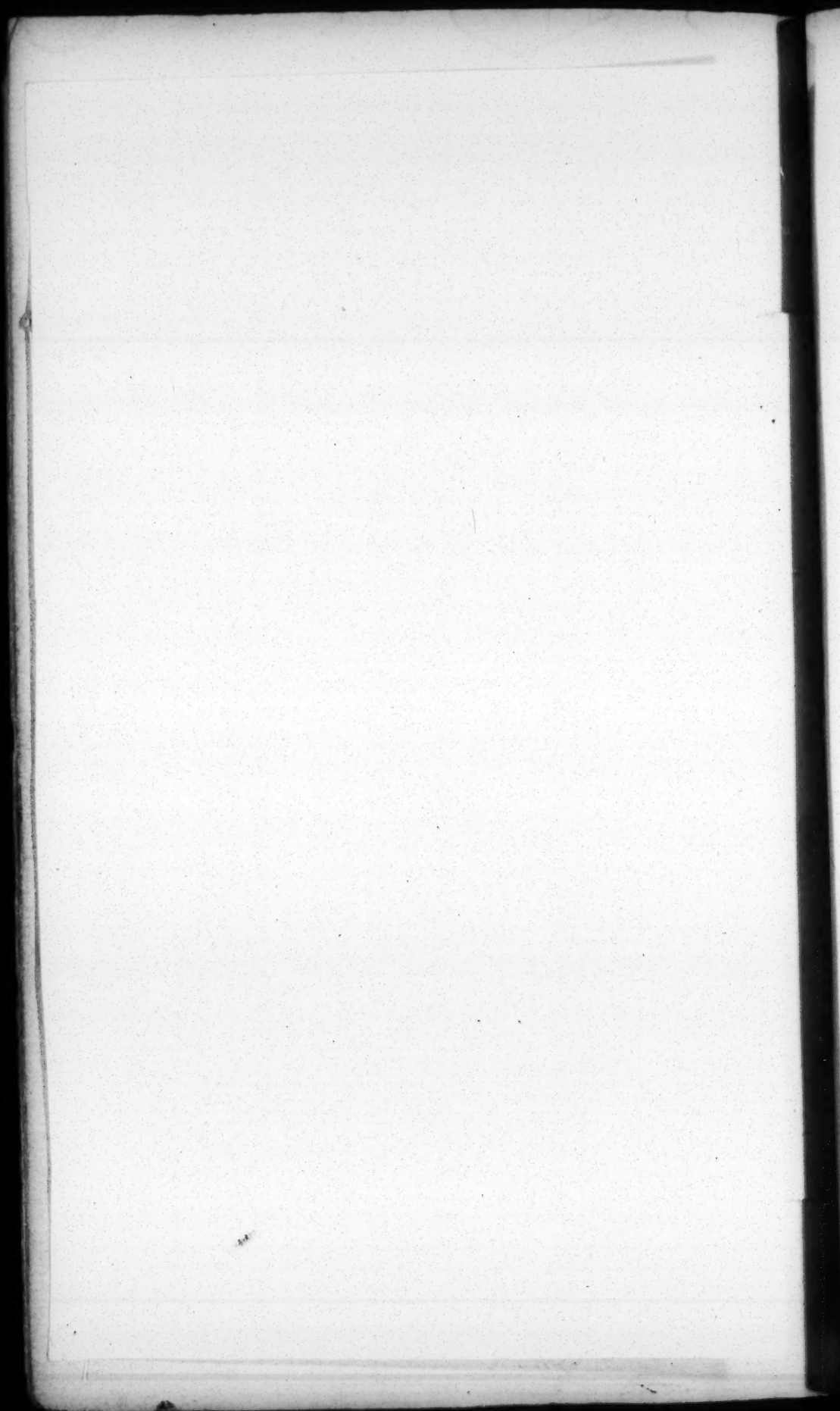
ABSTRACTS



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ABSTRACTS

FROM THE

COMPANION to the GRAVE:

CANTO I.

Huc propius me

Dum doceo SEPULCHRA Omnes, vos Ordine adite,

HOR.

LET none with hasty Hand invade
The Myſteries of the Sexton's Trade,
Nor ev'ry Architect preſume,
With raſh Conceit to build a Tomb:
The Art is deep, the Judgment nice,
Nor can we learn it in a Trice.

Sexton, adviſed by me, prepare
Thy Shovel and thy Spade with Care,

B

Thy

Thy Pick-ax too—in stony Ground
 A Crow is often useful found : 10
 I hate to see a blund'ring Dog,
 Lazy and senseless as a Log,
 Without a Guide, without Design,
 With erring Hand, and bevil Line,
 The mangled Ground obliquely shave, 15
 And make a vile, unsightly Grave :
 No!—would you make a Grave for me,
 Sexton, be of thy Labour free ;
 Run down the Sides exactly steep,
 And make it shapely, square, and deep. 20
 I own it almost makes me rave,
 To see a Blockhead dig a Grave,
 (Inelegant and rude his Spade,
 Declares his Ign'rance of the Trade)
 An ugly, inconvenient Hole, 25
 More fit for Dog, than Christian Soul !
 Nor much I praise th' uncivil Lout,
 Who basely knocks the skulls about,
 Like



Like Hamlet's Diggers in the Play—

'Tis not decorous, I must say ; 30

Nor would I be th' unfeeling Turk,

To sing while I was at such Work ;

Unless it were a fun'ral Psalm,

Which might display religious Qualm ;

Nor would I leave uncover'd Bones, 35

Scatter'd about like paving Stones ;

A Charnel House, I must advise

To keep such Objects from our Eyes,

And pile your broken Coffins there ;

Such Care preserves the Church-yard clear. 40

Tho' selfish Views too often lead

Mankind to take up any Trade,

Tho' B——r shake his empty Pate,

To shew the Town his *Sense* is great,

And use the Box each Night at Daly's, 45

To *raise the Wind* and bribe the *Bailies* ;

Yet no Desire for paltry Fee

In Fun'ral e'er shall bias me,

Except the Pleasure it affords
 To view a Corpse well stretch'd in Boards ; 50
 Who would not grieve to see his Friend,
 When Death had brought him to his End,
 Stuff'd by a drunken Set of Blocks
 Into an ill-made half-deal Box,
 Altho' the Undertaker's paid,
 To have it of Mahog'ny made ? 55
 Such Linen too is given about,
 As faith's not fit to make a Clout !

You'll wonder less that I'm abusive,
 When of th' aforefaid all exclusive,
 A better Reason I have far
 For interposing with my Care ;
 I'll save you, *on my sacred Word*,
 In your Expence at least *one Third* ;
 I'll do't, nor leave you in the Lurch, 65
 As —— * has been by Bobby B—h.

Deeply

* Dr. Carr (late Facetious Chaplain to the House of Commons,

Commons) objected to this Blank, lest the Public might insert *his* Name therein ; but upon my assuring him, that his putting on a clean Shirt, and Stockings with Feet to them, throwing off his Camblet Coat, giving three or four Dozen of his old Wigs to the House of Industry, and keeping a Plug of Tobacco in his Mouth for about a Week after the first Publication of this Book, would convince the World that I could not have meant him—he withdrew his Objections:—

Whether or no he will follow my Advice in the above I cannot tell, he having but too recently given me an Instance of his Willfulness in persisting, contrary to my strongest Persuasions, in a most ridiculous and indecent Resolution: I clearly shewed him how repugnant it was to the whole System of Funerals, to convert a Stage Coach into a Hearse, and how ill it was using the Memory of his Child, to pack him up in a Box and thrust him into the Boot of a Coach, as if a Corpse was no better than a Bundle of foul Linen ; but such was his Perverseness, that he not only sent the Body to Kilkenny in that Condition, but refused adorning the Coach with Plumes, the Driver with a Scarf and Hatband, and the Horses with Cloths, because (forsooth) the living Passengers did not chuse to travel as Mourners, and the Doctor might save himself
2l. 15s. 3¼d.

A CARRION.

Deeply impress'd with Gratitude;
 † *Conductors*, you shan't find me rude;
 But should you from my Rules depart,
 Your Taste I value not one F—t;

70

And

† *Conductors*. — Nobody having received more frequent Marks of Respect than I have, from the most venerable the Corporation of Undertakers, Grave-diggers, Sextons, &c. (vide my Overflowings throughout) it would be the highest Ingratitude in me not to acknowledge thus publickly the many Obligations I am under to them, for consulting my Opinion, and being entirely guided by it in all Matters of Dispute arising amongst themselves, and also for sending me the earliest Intelligence of all Stretchings, Wakes, Washings, and Funerals; and it is with the utmost Regret I find myself obliged to acquaint them, that by the Advice of my Friends in particular, and the Faculty in general, I am necessitated (at least for some Time) to retire from Charnel Business; as from my constant Attendance in damp Vaults, and the late overflowings of the Poddle, I have not only much impaired my *Constitution* (vide my Works *on Cutadash in Sheets*) but likewise my Pink Hood (vide my Escape on the Pig's Back.)

And if you strive 'em to surpass,
 As sure as Death you'll *shew your A—e.* *
 Shall I, who have at vast Expence
 Laid in my Stock of Fun'ral Sense,
 To you in any Point give up, 75
 Who in the Mornings take a Sup,
 And know no more of Ob-se-qui-ues,
 Than Kittens do of Apple Pies,
 Can't even tell of what 'tis meet
 To make a Bishop's Winding Sheet ? 80
 —Reader, excuse this trickling Tear !
 † A Bishop's Mem'ry I revere ;
 O'er

* *Shew your A—e.* — As Dr. Carr did in St. Stephen's Green, upon being asked by Dr. W——e for Four Hundred Pounds that he owed him.

GILBOURNE.

† Bishop's. — The great Veneration and Esteem which I have always entertained for this superior Order of Beings, will sufficiently appear, as well from my
 Hints

O'er and o'er have woo'd their Nieces, *
 Not in Hopes of getting Leases ;

For

Hints to Parliament in their Favour (in my Preface), as from some other Circumstances with which I have not yet gratified the World, and which are chiefly these—that I have several Pictures of Bishops, richly framed, coloured, and gilt, hanging round my Rooms ; and that, altho' I could lodge much cheaper in *Maiden-lane*, I live in Bishop-street, where may be had a few remaining Copies of my Overflowings, &c.

* Nieces.—Many are the Attempts I have made upon Bishop's Nieces ! in some of which, I confess, I have not been as successful as I could have wished ; in my *last* particularly I cannot help accounting myself notoriously jilted ; this will evidently appear from the Encouragement I received from the Lady, having *frequently* hob-nob'd her, *sometimes* been helped by her from off a Dish that stood near her at Table, and having *always* observed that she laughed immoderately at whatever I said, by which Means I was induced to shew a more particular Attachment to her, always taking Care when she was present to pull my pink Hood to that Side on which she was, to give her a better view
 of

For to the full a *Stall*'s as good * 85
 To me, who like to shew my Hood ;
 Without a Surplice then, I think,
 I'd wear my Scarlet lin'd with Pink ;
 The World might talk on't as they pleas'd,
 From what I like I'll ne'er be teaz'd. 90

To Scandal Men, I know, are prone,
 As on my late † *Escape* they've shewn,

C

When

of it ; and at Church addressing the most pathetic parts
 of my Sermon to her : After proceeding to such Lengths
 as these, can it be wondered at, that I should be cha-
 gined at my Proposals meeting with a Negative from
 her ; or that I should afterwards, in a Sermon I preach-
 ed at St. Peter's Church, say, that a Woman was no
 better than a crack'd Pitcher ? an Expression that I
 shall glory in as long as I am A CARRION.

* *Stall*——Not in a *Stable*, as was offered me by
 the Arch-bishop of Cashel—an Expression I shall never
 forgive.

† *Escape*.——As the Circumstances attending this
 wonderful

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† *Escape*.—As the Circumstances attending this
 wonderful

When they abus'd th' unhappy Pig,
 Who fav'd myself, my Hood, and Wig,
Epicuri Grege Porcum,
 Fit for any Knife or Fork 'o'em ;

95

To

wonderful Affair have been already so grossly misrepresented, surely I have every reason to imagine, that in the Course of a few Years it will be so embellished with Falshoods (as the erudite Dr. Carr says) that Posterity will regard the whole as a Fabrication ; to prevent this, if possible, I offer the Public the following circumstantial Narration of it, which, if required, I am ready to prove on Oath :

On the 11th of December, 1777, about Three o'Clock in the Forenoon, I strolled from my House in Bishop-street (where may be had a few remaining Copies of Oronooko, and my Geographical Account of the Magdalens, with historical Notes reciting the Methods of their Seduction) to the Cathedral of St. Patrick's, dressed in my pink Hood (which was so much admired by the Ladies last Whitsunday Twelvemonth in St. Peter's Church) with a Design to put the finishing Stroke to this my Companion, and near being finished *it* was, and *I* with it ; for scarce had I locked myself

To call it scabby, full of Mange,
You'll soon confess was somewhat strange,
For, on my Honour, I am told,
For Lord May's Dinner it was fold ;

myself into the Ayle, when the Butchers' Blocks (set swimming by the sudden overflowings of the river Poddle) came *thump* against the Door, which I, in a hapless Moment, not waiting to cry "Who's there," ran and opened; the first Salute I got was a Blow from one of the Blocks, which sent me floating to the Door of the Consistorial Court, from whence, by the reaction of the Water, I was tofs'd into the Butter-boat on the Corner of Archbishop Smith's Monument; I had the Presence of Mind now to put my Manuscript in my Mouth (recollecting that Julius Cæsar had in like Manner saved his Commentaries) and face the Torrent, which had by this Time immerfed the whole Cathedral in Water of several Feet in Depth; not having the least Apprehension of Danger, for, from the Size and Formation of my Feet, which are webbed, and something like a Sea Lion's, I knew that Nature intended I should swim as well as walk; my Intention was to float on the Water till Providence should interfere in my

His Lordship and the Board, I think,
Know better than to dine on Stink.

Could I the Management procure
(Mayhap I may—for nothing's fure)
Of an Alderman's Interment,
By my Taste I'd earn Preferment ;
For Pall-supporters, I opine,
I'd nominate four scabby Swine,

105

Since

my Behalf; but espying a Pig making towards me, I patiently waited until it was near enough for me to bestride; and taking hold of it by the Ear, I made use of my Feet instead of Oars; but not steering *wide* enough from the Font, I received a Stroke on my Shoulder which laid me on my Back; my Seat I kept, my Knees being remarkably well made for riding, but *hinc illæ Lachrymæ*, my Hood was so much damaged, as to render it unserviceable but for *every Day Wear*:—In the aforesaid reclining Position was I carried out of the Church, and landed on the ninth Step at the Door of the Deanery House. Not only the Servants of the Church and the Hucksters in the Neighbourhood can attest the above, but several others, I having been seen by Thousands at least.

Since to those of Kin the nearest
 To the Dead, or Friends the dearest ; 110
 This task by *Custom* appertains,
 Unless they be a King's remains :
 For his Mourners 'gad well thought on,
 I'd apply to Mr. H——n. *
 To lend me from his lousy Crew, 115
 A lusty Beggarman or two ;

* H —— n (Ben) formerly a Stuff Merchant in the Liberty, who finding his Affairs in a ticklish Situation, got himself promoted to be a Governor of the Beggars House in Channel-Row ; afterwards being found capable of performing any dirty Jobb, he in conjunction with Blaquiére (late Secretary of State of infamous Memory) contrived to cheat the Nation out of 3,400*l.* which they divided between themselves ; at present, having lost the Favour of a certain D—n, owing to a Dispute concerning the Profits arising from the *Washing for the House*, he is employed in the County of Dublin, in the laudable Practice of Jobbing for Lord Macduff, in order to get a Commission in the County Militia.

CARR.

C 3

These

These should precede him pair and pair,
 And had his Worship past the Chair;
 The Sword, the Mace, and Lord-May'r's chain
 Should follow with the City train; 120
 Some flying Angels I'd disperse
 Among the plumage of his Hearse;
 And had he *Coat of Arms*, or *Crest**;
 With them his Coffin should be drest.

The

* *Coat of Arms*, or *Crest*.—Dr. Lyons is of opinion, that the Idea naturally suggested to the impartial Reader by this passage must be, that the Worshipful the Board of Aldermen are wholly *engrossed* by their *Bellies*, and therefore take *no thought* of their Arms:—My ingenious Friend Mr. Mack, hints, that by ordering the Cannon down to the Pigeon-House, their Worship's have been *depriv'd* of their Arms:—For my own Part, I cannot help lamenting that Mr. Mack should have exerted his ingenuity in accounting for a thing so obvious; for no Person (as I am told) can be deprived of what he never had.—Dr. Lyons's opinion I refer to the Curious, I confess I don't understand it; Dr. Chamberlain thinks it is meant for a Pun, but I should rather suppose it was intended for Wit.

The Vulgar 'scutcheons I'd annul 125
 Of Knuckle-bones, a Time and Skull;
 Much Trouble and Expence 'twould save
 To have no Paintings, but a Grave;
 Of full length Mummies one small Group,
 A Turtle, Turbot, and a Soup. 130

Altho' I paid my Thirty Pound
 For leave to wear my Scarlet Gown,
 And use the Letters L. L. D,
 As on my Tickets you may see;
 Yet, which I never once suspected, 135
 By all the World I'm now neglected;
 By Persons too of supreme Knowledge
 The Members of our famous College;
 At Lord-May'rs feast altho' I shine
 And sometimes too with Bishop's dine; 140
 I never yet, as I'm a Sinner,
 Was *ask'd** to a commencement Dinner:

At

* *Ask'd*.——The time that I Dined at a commence-
 ment

At College-chapel too I think,
 I oft might Preach in Hood of Pink :
 Alas ! were I but known to Prancer, 145
 He would my Merit sure advance Sir ;
 And when he founds his new *Professors*
 Would *Carrion* rank among th' *Affessors* ;
 A *Chair* he would to me Decree
 Of Fun'ralship or Heraldry. 150

But something farther let us Budge it,
 And to Sir *Black-Ball's* Funeral trudge it ;
 Nor

ment in the College (when his Grace the P——e paid me the Compliment of telling me, that he never saw any body eat so much Pancakes as I did) was not on an Invitation, but my right by the Coll. Statutes, as at that time I took the Degree of Doctor of Laws.

† *Black-Ball*.—It has sometimes unfortunately happened, that Accidents have poisoned this Gentleman's attention to the Administration of Justice, in particular, when Bills were before the Grand Jury, against the Reverend Dr. W—, our Knight and Alderman

Nor Gout or Fever, Rheum nor Cough,

But Fits of *Gravel* took him off:

Sir Black-Ball who in *Gravel*-Pits 155

Bury'd his Senses and his Wits,

Death saw—and one unlucky Day

He forely *Gravell'd* him they say;

Sir Black-Ball, kind officious Man,

Who round about the City ran, 160

When any Miser chose to die,

The good Sir Black-Ball still was nigh,

man lost a Forty pound Note, and this he repeated to the Doctor Tête à Tête on his way to the Meeting of the Jury forty Times at least—he said, “ *the Sum was small, but at that Moment it sadly distressed him;*”— *if he could but get the Forty Pound, perhaps he might be of some Service to the Doctor*—“ *it was but Forty Pounds.*”—The Doctor did not take the Hint, and the Knight voted for the finding the Bills, altho’ the Day before he had harangued on the other Side, saying, he was certain that the Prosecution was malicious.

GILBOURNE.

D

And

And kindly offer'd all his Skill
 And pains, to execute his Will :
 Let him but enter sick Man's Door, 165
 He wants not an *Executor* ; *
 Sir Black-Ball would employ his cares,
 And kindly manage his Affairs ;
 Would for his Wife and Bairns provide,
 And pay the Fun'ral charge beside : 170
 Maugre Subpœnas and Citations,
 Bills, Answers, Suits, Interrogations ;
 And give him *on my Sacred Word*,
 Hearses and Hatbands for a Lord ;
 Ah ! twas perversely done of Fate, 175
 So good a Man dies intestate ;

* *Executor*.—Whenever this Knight had assisted
 at the perpetration of a Testament, he recollecting that
 Charity covers a Multitude of Sins, bequeath'd a fu-
 gar Plumb to some Charity, his fav'rite one was the
 Blue-Coat-Hospital ; as Father of the City he did not
 suffer an enquiry into the Legitimacy of the Children.

CHRISTIAN.

Th'

Th' executor of half the Town
 Without a Testament of 's own ?
 I never saw a thing more pretty
 Than 's Funeral since I knew the City ; 180
 Scriv'ners marching all arow,
 With Proctors made a gallant show ;
 Four proper Lawyers stout and tall
 Bore up what serv'd him for a Pall ;
 'Twas made (which much my Wonder breeds) 185
 Of Parchment-Skins and Title Deeds ;
 His Coffin too with muckle Skill,
 Hung round with probats of a Will ;
Christian my Friend invited me
 This goodly Funeral to see ; 190
 We buried him as was most fit
 Deep in a charming *Gravel-Pit* :—

Now Muse lament in doleful dudgeon,
 Thy Songs thou surely wilt not grudge one
 (And yet thou wilt, because a *Maid*) 195
 To old Toledo gone and dead ;

Good Member of the upper Houſe,
 A godly Paſtor—faithful Spouſe ;
 His Morals were not ſtiff and ſtarch,
 And Jacky Prancer made him *Arch* ; 200
 He'd ſtarve or hang a graceleſs Prieſt,
 Who'd dare to bleſs the nuptial Feaſt
 For poor but honeſt Man and Maid,
 Without the Taxes duly paid
 To Mother-Church for *Recreation* 205
 That Soldiers gives to guard the Nation ;
 And yet *himſelf* in fond Conjunction,
 Would oft forget his awful Function ;
 And kindly pour the *Oil of Gladneſs*
 To chear the penſive Relict's ſadneſs ; 210
 —(Thus ſome He-goat with ſhaggy Locks,
 The Huſband ſtruts of fifty Flocks ;)—
 This Prelate had a fore complaint,
 (Whether from Wind that ſcorns conſtraint,
 Or Cold as ſome more wiſely deem) 215
 A numbneſs in the parts extreme ;

Certès

Certès his Doctors did advise,
 A Tincture drawn from Spanish flies ;
 'Tis wisely said *est rebus modus*, 220
 And this Toledo's conduct shew'd us ;
 The Med'cine's good but potent stuff,
 He took too much—and that's enough :
 Methinks I still the Fun'ral see,
 It mov'd to tune of Lango lee, 225
 And for a Dirge—to shew's renown
 The Choirmen chaunted * Mother Brown :
 The

* Mother Brown—so great a sufferer was this Good Woman by the Death of Toledo, that, notwithstanding my Offer of *Indorsing* for her, she for fear of being *clapt* up retired from Business.

The Anthem here alluded to is allowed to be a remarkable fine one, the Words by myself, and set to Music by my particular Friend and constant Coadjutor Mr. Mack.

I have since presented it to L—y A—D— for the Use of the Magdalens, to be sung in the Asylum, on the

The Hearse was deck'd with naked Loves
 And Cutadash got Mourning gloves :
 High on a Pole were born, tis said, 230
 Mysterious emblems of the Dead,
 Emblems to which a Bigot croud
 The Canaanitish Women bow'd ;
 Five hundred Widows hand in hand,
 With Hoods and Scarfs came pensive band: 235
 A rosy Priest among them came,
 Delight of ev'ry knowing Dame :
 His Name I can't remember still,
 Twas something like a *Sea-beat bill*.
 'That day I chanc'd too much to drink, 240
 And sadly stain'd my *Hood of Pink*.

Which

the Anniversary of Toledo's departure, in commemoration of so great a Benefactor, as he had always been to that charitable Institution.

A. CARRION.

† *Hood of Pink*. — This is the third Accident that
has

Which dear I prize as Mancha's knight ;
 Mambrino's Helmet all so bright :
 Or Corp'ral Trim his cap Montero,
 Or am'rous Youth his Mistrefs dear-O.

245

To give a full account would fag-one,
 Tho' I write Verses like a Dragon.

* Alderman Rampant, and Lord Clan,
 Were Mourners o'er the holy Man ;

Each

has befallen my Hood ; seeing my friend Kitty Cutadash
 inconsolable for the loss of Toledo, I endeavoured to
 mitigate her Grief, by affording her some Spiritual con-
 solation, but whether from the potency of the Cordial,
 or from my great fatigue in preparing the Funeral, or
 from both, I know not, but certain it is, that turning
 down Christ-church-lane, just when we had convey'd
 his Grace opposite to the Gates of Hell, my feet flew
 from under me, and falling on the broad of my Back
 into the Gutter, I dirtied my Pink Hood in such a Man-
 ner, that I am afraid I shall never be able to wear it
 again.

CARRION.

* Alderman Rampant.—This superannuated De-
 votee

Each was attended by a Train 250
 Of Nymphs from Ally, Nook and Lane ;—
 When we had laid him in the Ground,
 What may perhaps Belief confound ;
 From 's Grave a fwinging Horn sprung out,
 And much amaz'd the Rabble rout ; 255
 And there it still remains we find,
 To break the fhins of Cuckold blind.

votee of Venus having employed me, ſince my return to Ireland, to check the devaſtations of a certain Diſorder, and paid me moſt profuſely (contrary I am informed to his uſual Practice) to inſure my Silence and future Attention ; I think I cannot in Gratitude ſee him paſſed by in the Lump without acknowledging my Obligations to him in this public Manner ; the more particularly as he did me the Honour to recommend me to his own Seraglio in Little-longford-ſtreet, and the ſeveral Ladies kept either in partnership or privately by the Board ; and indeed their Cuſtom (conſidering they are almoſt all Married, and the Times but indifferent) has almoſt brought back the Outgoings of my Law Suit.

CHAMBERLAINE.

But

But now my Difappointment fee

* Of *Sir Adonis*' obsequy ;

Who for his Beauty starv'd his Gut, 260

And on his Brow the Cutlet put :

Which better far I needs must tell ye,

Had taken wrinkles from his Belly :

* *Sir Adonis*. — A Whipper-in to Lord Macduff, and the Right Honourable Jolly Bacchus, who by the *Abilities* of a Horse procur'd himself the *Honour* of Knighthood, and who without the *Abilities* of a Man, *endeavoured* to procure himself the Character of a Libertine, by attaching himself to all fashionable Females of dubious Reputation ; — a Man, who tho' profoundly ignorant, wish'd to have been thought an Orator, by retailing in the Senate House the fulsome Compositions of an upstart Woman ; — who though sprung from the Bung of a Porter Cask, would have pass'd for a Man of *Family*, and who, tho' not possessed even of the talents of an Ape, attempted the Character of a Buffoon for the Entertainment of Lady Macbeth.

CHRISTIAN.

E

Who

Who drefs'd in Life so very well ;
 I hop'd in 's Funeral would excel : 265
 But vain my Hopes and much I err'd ;
 Alas ! He never was interr'd :
 I waited daily at his Door
 Enquiring if he was no more ;
 But Lady Betty Barebone's wishes, 270
 To fet him up 'mongst China-dishes :
 High on an Indian Cabinet,
 With matchless Nankin many a fet ;
 With Babies, Beakers, Bowls, 'Turreens,
 Enamell'd Jars and Mandarines ;
 So soon as Breath had left Cadaver, 275
 She begs his Reliques as a Favour ;
 Blows out his Brains, plucks out his Bowels,
 And wipes his inside clean with Towels ;
 The void with Gums and Rose-leaves dry'd,
 She stuffs, and laces up the Hide ; 280
 He looks like Alabafter figure,
 Or China-man—but somewhat bigger.—

Nor

Nor since in Rhyme it comes in pat,
 Forget the *Captain of a Yatcht* ; *
 He soon to Kingdom-come shall *Post*, 285
 On Earth e'en now he *acts a Ghost*.
 And that he may look thin and white,
 Defrauds and flints his Appetite,
 Unless when he can save his pence,
 And Feast at other Men's expence : 290
 Hecate and Witches from Macbeth
 Shall come to solemnize his Death ;
 The School Marine I'll likewise bring
 An Anthem at his Grave to sing.
 In *Port* the Ouzle Galley float, 295
 And bring Lord Bangor with his boat.

E 2

What

Now let me call the Reader's mind
 T' a Funeral of another kind ;

* *Captain, &c.*—A Naval Officer remarkable for
 his *Generosity*, and a cheap method which he has in-
 vented of destroying Rats and other Vermin—*by*
Starving them.

CARR.

What faithful Friend of love and drinking,
 Can help of Lady Brandy thinking, 300
 Who as the Poet doth describe it,
 Both—*lufit fatis atque bibit* ;
 I faw her wafh'd—I faw her laid,
 I faw her to the Grave convey'd ;
 Was with the Servants at the wake, 305
 And drank a Jorum for her fake :
 And as in the Coffin ſhe did lie,
 I plac'd her cordial Bottle nigh
 Her Noſe to warm and keep her cheery
 In Stygian Vapours cold and dreary ; 310
 With certain other Playthings near,
 Whoſe Names I need not mention here ;
 By Mother Abbeſſes invented
 To keep their lonely Nuns contented.

Her Coffin was a Chamber cheſt, 315
 Whoſe aid a Huſband had confeſt ;
 For while he cloſe within lay hid,
 His Confort ſported on the lid :

AN

All Abbesses and Nuns in Town
 From Cutadash to Vestals down, 320
 Who in their Temple at Ross-lane
 Are sacred to the Legal Train ;
 Around her came to howl and cry,
 And each—as tribulation's dry :
 A Brandy bottle had in store 325
 To wet her Sorrows o'er and o'er.
 Terrific * Leeson led the throng,
 And bad them yell a Fun'ral song :
 (Leeson renown'd for strength of Lungs)
 'Twas yell'd by twice a thousand Tongues ! 330
 A jolly

* Leeson. — A mighty good sort of a convenient Female, as I have often found her to be, at her Lodgings in Drogheda street, when I happened to have a calling that Way ; that she met with a great Loss in the Death of her patroness Lady Brandy, is evident from the Words of the Poem, but I hope by a few of my vivifying Doses, I shall be able in time to restore her to that serenity of Disposition, for which she was so remarkable.

GILBORNE.

What faithful Friend of love and drinking,
 Can help of Lady Brandy thinking, 300
 Who as the Poet doth describe it,
 Both—*lufit satis atque bibit* ;
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GILBORNE.

A jolly Band of Cuckolds came
 All fleek and basking in their Fame ;
 With Antlers fairly grown and spread
 And beat their Breasts and mourn'd the dead ;
 And Cuckold-mongers too were near 335
 The Trade to the defunct was dear ;
 Then strapping Chairmen—Footmen able,
 And needy Rakes and comely Rabble ;
 Tall younger Brothers fairly grown ;
 Ruddy and newly on the Town ; 340
 All mourn the Dame with aching Hearts,
 Who lov'd and cherish'd *Men of Parts* ;
 Then all the Croud to glad her sprite
 Perform'd the Jig of Otaheite.

Mysterious emblems of Desire, 345
 And tokens of voluptuous Fire ;
 With sculptur'd Feats of sport and love
 Adorn'd the Hearse below, above ;

And

And round were Brandy bottles hung,
 And empty Jugs that clash'd and rung : 350
 Whate'er is sung by loosest Bard,
 Or Woman drunk or sober dar'd,
 Was painted on the 'Scutcheons found,
 With Goats and Monkies garnish'd round :
 Four ancient Mares both stiff and strong, 355
 With labour dragg'd the Hearse along ;
 Oft would they pant—and then to cheer
 Their toil, a sprightly Steed was near.

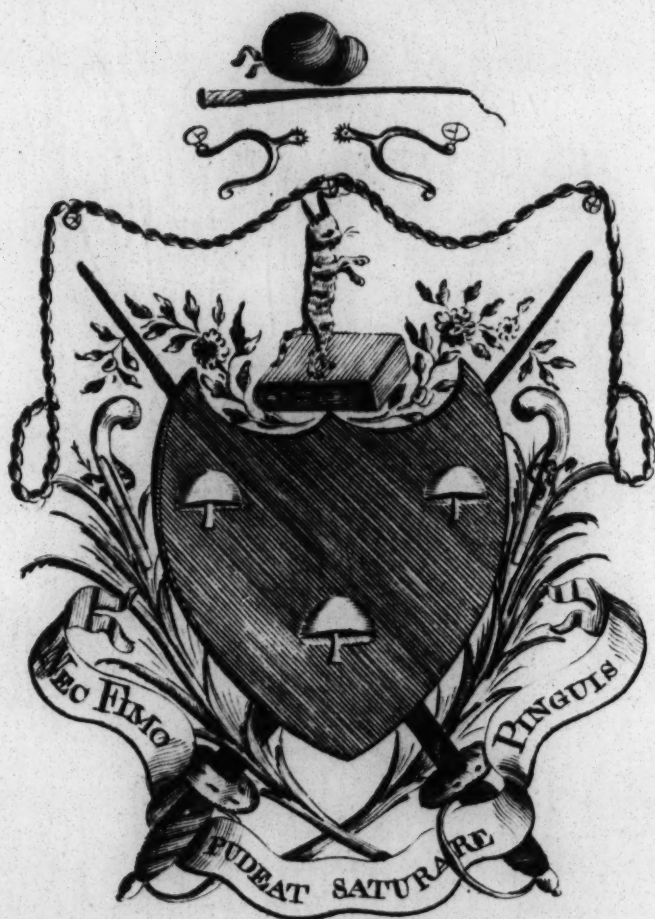
Lord Glanders and his virtuous Bride,
 Chief Mourners o'er the whole preside ; 360
 Lord Glanders, dapper, young, and smart,
 The joy of each Street-walker's heart ;
 He who t' atone for lapses past
 Has wedded with his Punk at last,
 And big and burly bids her set 365
 In Post-Chaise deck'd with coronet :

Slowly

Slowly as Merit gets preferment,
We bore her t' the place of Interment,
And fairly laid her under Stones,
Where *Rest* be to her weary Bones; 370
For while she view'd this Mortal Light
They seldom rested Day or Night.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST





*The PRANCERS Arms
and Atchievements.*

A B S T R A C T S

FROM THE

COMPANION to the GRAVE.

C A N T O II.

COME, weeping muse of tragic Rhymes,

Who lov'st to hear Cathedral Chimes,

And see the Prebend in his Stall,

The cambric Scarves and velvet Pall ;

Or when, with measur'd Pace and flow, 5

Funeral Pageants proudly go,

With Cypress Besom in thy Hand,

Still sweep'st the Way before the Band ;

A lofty Strain is now befitting,

To sing the Ghost of Prancer flitting ; 10

The pious Tears that Alma shed,

(A Tun or twain at least, 'tis said)

F

Recount

Recount in sweetly-flowing Verse

Th' Escutcheons that adorn'd his Hearse,

His trifful End, his public Toil, 15

His fun'ral Rites, and stately Pile.—

When Prancer Horse and Foot was routed,

By Ministry despised and scouted,

O'erthrown by bold presumptuous Factions,

Who * libell'd all his *virtuous* Actions, 20

He

Libell'd, &c.—The following Copy of Verses, enclosed to me by my Friend Chamberlain (suppos'd to be written by his G—e the L—d P—m—t—e) will be a sufficient Proof of this:

A HUMOROUS NEW SONG called The SLIP,
or Sh-tt-n Luck good Luck.

Of Prancer's great Actions the Town had enough,

His Expulsions, Elections, his Duels, and Stuff;

A laughable Scene I'll expose to your View,

Pomposo has sworn it, and therefore 'tis true.

Sing tantararara slip all, &c.

'Tis how Prancer's Posteriors uplifted by H—s,

And charg'd to the Brim with unfavoury Gales,

Did

He quits the busy public Stage,
And more to cheer his weary Age
With Sips of sweet domestic Blifs,
Resolves to keep a private Mifs,

A little

Did the Face of poor Saddi with Varnish befmeare,
And left him all yellow from his Nose to his Ear,

Sing, &c.

Ben Saddi's great Plan was to shew his Devotion
To Major Prancero, in Hopes of Promotion ;
And to perfect this Plan, he'd long had an Itch
For a delicate Smack at his pretty plump Breech.

Sing, &c.

With Intentions thus humble, the learn'd Divine
A Suppliant fell at the Frize-stamper's Shrine ;
But this Posture he found no Purpose would answer,
For his Mouth was too far from the Butt-end of Prancer.

Sing, &c.

Thus of Comfort bereft, and depriv'd of his Boon,
At the Feet of poor Billy he fell in a Swoon ;
But Prancer's good Nature his Life soon restor'd,
To the great Joy of Drought and the rest of the Board.

Sing, &c.

On

A little, tight, endearing Pug, 25
In fuburb Lodgings fafe and fnug :

So

On his Hands Prancer turn'd, and threw up his Toes,
On the Shoulders to lie, and hook under the Nose
Of the trembling Hales, whose Looks feem'd to dread
Th' Effects of a Kick, should he stir but his Head.

Sing, &c.

With Reverence meet Ben Saddi drew nigh
The Cushion to kifs, thus uplifted on high,
But his delicate Touch occasion'd a Start,
And from Prancer's Posteriors there burft forth a F—t.

Sing, &c.

By Gilbornean Prescriptions his Gun being charg'd,
His Rhubarb and Humours the Blast it discharg'd,
Full direct in the Face of Ben Saddi they flew,
To have seen him, my Friends, would have made you
to spew.

Sing, &c.

Now Harlequin Prancer on his Feet having turn'd,
Swore with Shame and Confusion his Conscience fore
burn'd,

If the Dr. would pardon his Want of Retention,
Kilcock should reward him, and Berwick's Suspension.

Sing, &c.

So said, so done—but soon he knew
 By certain Signs, the Fair untrue—
 Ungrateful Fair to such a Swain !
 Short Pleasures, bought with lasting Pain ! 30
 With weeping Eyes I tell the Tale,
 That Med'cines but encreas'd his Ail ;
 For calling Succour from his Toe,
 And leagu'ing with the Gout below,
 It baffled all the Leech's pother, 35
 What lessen'd one encreas'd the other.

From Part to Part it quickly spread,
 And fill'd that mighty Void—his Head ;
 Then boldly caught him by the Nose,
 What ne'er was ventur'd by his Foes. 40
 “ Haste, * *Sawny* ! haste, my gentle Friend,
 “ Thy Pill and Bolus quickly send ;
 “ Employ

* *Sawny*——Well known by the Name of the
 Hazard Surgeon, from his having made it a Practice
 to

“ Employ once more thy healing Hand,
 “ That Sancho fav’d to blefs this Land !—
 “ I’ll shrink not from thy healing Knife ;— 45
 “ Oh, take my Nose and spare my Life !”

’Twas

to attend Playhouses and all other public Places, when they were expected to be much crowded, in Hopes of turning a Penny by Ladies fainting, Gentlemen breaking their Arms or Legs, Chairmen being shot by the Guards, Actresses being taken in Labour, and other Casualties of the like Nature : This Trade of his being smoaked by some wicked Wags, they resolved to play him a Trick, and, if possible, put a Scotchman out of Countenance.—One Night, when Sawny, according to Custom, was at the Playhouse on his Chance, one of these Wits, who was sitting in the Pit, fell down as if in an Apoplexy, the rest immediately called out, “ Hazard Surgeon ! Hazard Surgeon ! ”—which was instantly answered from the other end of the House, by “ Mak Way ! Mak Way ! ”—and neither the Benches, the Crowds of People, nor even the Ladies’ Heads and Rumps, were the least Impediment to the rapid Progress which Sawney’s greyhound Shanks enabled him to make,

'Twas thus for Aid that Prancer cried ;—
 But Aid was vain, and Prancer died ;—
 He died, alas ! whom warlike Toil,
 In fierce Duello, could not foil.

50

When

make, from the upper Gallery to the Place where his pretended Patient lay.—Sawney, vociferating an unintelligible Jargon of “ Mak room ! mak room !—gee “ him Breeth !—lot’s see the Gentleman !”—After feeling his Pulse, pronounced, “ The Mon’s deed—but “ we’ll bleed him ;”—(well knowing that without some Operation he would not be entitled to a Fee) and having bound up his Arm, and got ready a Lance, the Gentleman, to the utter Disappointment of Sawney, opened his Eyes, and burst out into a Fit of Laughter. The Scotchman then, with a Degree of Impudence peculiar to his Nation, and ghastly Grin on his Countenance, endeavoured to excuse his professional Ignorance, in the Style of Falstaff—“ Do you think I did ná ken “ it was a Jast,”—and returned to his Seat unabashed, notwithstanding the reiterated Expressions of Ridicule which were lavishly bestowed on him from all Parts of the House.

GILBOURNE. MEDICAL REVIEW.

When mighty Men resign their Breath,
 Some Prodigies announce their Death,
 That Folks in Time, with mournful Care,
 May tragic Handkerchiefs prepare ;
 And such, 'tis said, when Prancer ended 55
 This mortal Course, his Fate attended :
Saddi was calm, nor rail'd at those
 Who dar'd his Projects to oppose ;
 And *fibbing Tom*, for once, told Truth,
 And Men (more strange!) believ'd the Youth ; 60
Gallus was lavish of his Pence ;
 And * *Billy Bib* talk'd common Sense.

When round the mournful Tale was spread,
 The News-boys wept for Prancer dead,
 In tatter'd Weeds, with rueful Beard, 65
 And double Dirt their Faces smear'd :—
 “ And is the Patron lost,” they cry'd,
 “ Whose Actions daily Bread supplied ;

“ And

* *Billy Bib* — Bedfellow to Ben *Saddi*. CARR.

“ And giving constant Store of News,
 “ Gave Whisky, Mutton-Pies, and Shoes ? 70

But, to the funeral Proceeding——
 Th’ Escutcheons shew’d his Birth and Breeding ;
 The Pageant was with Art contriv’d,
 To speak his Actions while he liv’d —
 Three Mushrooms grac’d th’ expanded Shield, 75
 The Mushrooms argent, bronze the Field ;
 Mushrooms that spring in mucky Soil
 From Seeds obscure, nor ask for Toil ;
 And well the Hues express’d himself, 80
 The argent shew’d his Love of Pelf,
 And bronze, to speak his Talents join’d,
 The Impudence that grac’d his Mind ;
 Grimalkin rampant, for a Crest,
 Fierce as the Dead, the Top possess’d, 85
 Her Whiskers wav’d, and spread her Paws,
 And seem’d to pur with Self-applause ;

His Coffin was a goodly chest,
 A Lodging worthy of the Guest,
 It was a Chest of ancient Date, 90
 Ordain'd to keep the College Plate—
 The Plate, by hocus-pocus Trick,
 Has lately vanish'd to Old Nick,
 By Arts alchymic melted down,
 Or jerk'd to House in Pilgrimstown ; 95
 And for a Pall, his Lawyer's Gown,
 And Fellows' Robes, were o'er it thrown,
 And various Emblems round it spread,
 Bespoke the Talents of the Dead ;
 The Lid his leaden Standish crown'd, 100
 And Gauger's Inkhorns dangled round ;
 Two Wigs—a Brigadier for War,
 And Three-tail'd for the brawling Bar,
 Trappings that once adorn'd his Head,
 Were likewise on the Cover spread ; 105

The

The Sword, his Friend in warlike Toil,
 And Pistols, *once* discharg'd at * D—le ;
 A Pair of red-heel'd Pumps for Dancing ;
 And then, to shew his Love of Prancing,
 The Boots with which, so proudly riding, 110
 He sat the Manage-horse bestriding,
 These shew'd around his Coffin pendent,
 The Arts whereby he gain'd ascendant.

Professors on a Cushion bore

The Book which Prancer lov'd of yore, 115
 The

* D—le.—This Gentleman is equally notorious for his *Honour*, his *Morality*, and his *Beauty* : All his Pretensions to the first of these Qualifications he derives from a Duel he was concerned in with the Prancer ; his great Reputation for the second, from his Debates on religious Matters with Mr. W—rr—n ; and for the third, he is oblig'd to certain female Attachments, previous, as Dr. Christian informs me, to his Acquaintance with S—lv—i.

A CARRION.

The rival Speeches, *peri-steph' nou* —
 But Prancer's Ears to Greek are deaf now;
 Long Time on Cakes of Gingerbread,
 With Grecian Letters stamp'd, he fed,
 So sweet was Learning to his Taste, 120
 He took in Letters with such Haste,
 'Tis said, that at a single Heat
 Alpha and Omega he eat;
 But Greek he knows as little now
 As Balaam's Ass, or David's Sow, 125
 For cold and dead, alafs! he lies,
 And Informations may despise;
 For tho' to Satan Lawyers go,
 No Writ or Process lies below;
 The Damn'd are free from legal Strife, 130
 And live a hellish quiet Life,
 No Jurymen with Verdict quirk 'em,
 Nor wicked Wits with Pamphlets jerk 'em.

In solemn and sedate Parade
 I marshall'd all the Cavalcade; 135
 With

With Bladders first came blackguard Boys,
 And Pease inclos'd, to make a Noise;
 Like Goblin fam'd in ancient Song,
 The Scarecrow, Saddi, sail'd along,
 Smooth gliding without Step he past, 140
 And round his horrid Eyes he cast.

To form a strange and shocking Wight,
 Which might all Humankind affright,
 Of Men when Nature made a Batch,
 She rudely did the Leavings patch; 145
 Scrap'd from the Trough where Clay she kneaded,
 Ben Saddi rose—and she succeeded.

With guilty Scowl, and glassy Eye,
 Pomposo join'd his lov'd Ally,
 And round his Neck a String he wore 150
 Of * *Puddings*, fam'd in tuneful Lore;
 For

* *Puddings*.—Pomposo excels in the Manufacture of Black Puddings, as appears from a Speech of his to

For Oaths, obedient at command
 He bore the Gospels in his Hand :
 —He swore——that Prancer hated Strife
 Nor fought a Duel in his Life ; 155
 Of Provosts that he was the Flow'r
 From earliest Ages to that Hour :
 Whilst he bestrode her, Alma thriv'd,
 When he Dismounted scarce surviv'd ;
 And ever as a Step he took, 160
 He gravely bow'd and kiss'd the Book :
 Next *Gallus* came with Visage blue,
 A Purse he bore of Kindred hue ;
 A Stocking once of toughest Yarn
 Replete with many a Thrifty darn ; 165
 But now for wearing much the worse,
 It rose enobled to a Purse :

As

to Provost Andrews.—“ My dear Provost, *I vow to the Lord!* I was just salting a Parcel of Black-Puddings with *my own Hands* to send you ; when I heard the News of my Father's House being robbed.”

Vide—Gilborne's Notes on Pranceriana.

As Lawyer hackney'd-worn and cast,
 Will make a puny Judge at last :
 This Purse had store of Farthings in't 170
 All bright and virgin from the Mint,
 With which (so Prancer's Will decrees)
 For shouts the Blackguard boys he fees ;
 And as the Handfulls round he cast,
 He'd Groan as if he breath'd his last ; 175
 With Sighs that strove his Breast to burst,
 And then his Gods in anguish curst ;
 Not for the *Dead* his Sorrows flow'd,
 But for the *Farthings* he bestow'd :

With scenic Sports to treat the croud, 180
 A Mimus, forward, mean, and loud ;
 In liv'ry Coat of red and blue
 Skipt forth and joined the solemn Crew ;
 In step of Harlequin advanc'd,
 And now he grin'd, and now he danc'd : 185
 For Chatt'ring, Mimickry, Grimace,
 Endow'd with Monkey powers of Face,

His

His Features plainly spoke his Mind,
 And Kindred with the Monkey kind :
 Yet midst his Mirth a Tear he shed 190
 For Dinners lost in Prancer dead,
 Who left a Fund his Grief to heal,
 To glad him with a weekly Meal.

The College-Fellows in a Row
 With mourning Cloaks adorn'd the Show ; 195
 With Lyres new strung and verdant bays,
 Last came the Poets of his praise,
 In Chorus solemn Dirge began
 And sadly sung the Mountain Man ;
 Hibernian Journals were bestrew'd, 200
 And Pamphlets scatter'd o'er the Road,
 And Streamers wav'd amidst the Band
 Whose Painting own'd a Master's Hand.

Now tow'rd's Kilcock the Pageant mov'd,
 Kilcock the foil that Prancer lov'd ; 205
 He

He wish'd to fatten Saddi's ground,
 That double Tythes might flourish round ;
 But as the Way was somewhat long,
 In pity to the mournful throng,
 Left fainting with the Weight they bore, 210
 The Mourners should be sick or sore :
 A Miracle was wrought, we hear ;
 (Ye Wags be civil, do not sneer !
 Nor keep your wicked Jest in petto)
 More strange than ever at Loretto : 215
 Attested ! (so you cannot doubt it)
 By Pompey for his Truth redoubted ;
 Soon as the Pomp with solemn State
 Had parted from the College-Gate,
 The civil Church its march began, 220
 And Church and Church-Yard kindly ran
 With fond Solicitude to meet them,
 And bow'd its Steeple down to greet them ;
 They met exactly at half way
 And there the Church remains, they say : 225

The *New Surveys* have laid it down,
 'Tis *now* not *quite* eight Miles from Town.

I saw a gruff and furly Form,
 Uncouth, unfightly, and deform ;
 I wonder'd why he should attend, 230
 But 'twas his Bricklay'r and his Friend ;
 His *Bosom* Friend at Night and Noon,
 His Witness and Companion boon :
 " You, Mister, Sir, what make you here?"
 " Sir, to my *Sowl* the Dead was dear ! 235
 " And if you'll favour my Intent,
 " I here have plann'd his Monument ;
 " I'm building, damn my Eyes, if ever
 " Your Rev'rence saw a Thing so clever ;
 " A Theatre of Stone—but Mum ! 240
 " To build his Monument I'm come ;
 " And therefore join'd the Mournful Band
 " With Hod and Trowel in my Hand :"—

" —Well

- “ —Well Friend, with care dispatch your Work,
 “ If not I'll use you like a Turk : 245
 “ Reliev'd with Skill, combin'd with Grace
 “ Your Skeletons and Foliage place ;
 “ Skulls, Bagpipes, Lyres, with laurel Wreath,
 “ Drums, Cannons, Trophies, Heads of Death ;
 “ With blubber'd Cheeks, and Trump in Hand
 “ Let little * squabby Cherubs stand !”

The

* Squabby Cherubs. — This idea, I confess, I owe to a most entertaining Story, some thousand Times told with great Applause in various Companies, by my ingenious and punning Friend Doctor Chamberlaine.—I need not repeat it at full Length, as it has appeared with all its Ornaments in every jest Book which has been published these three last Centuries.—As this scholastic Punster is so notoriously famous in the several Coffee-houses, Bagnios, Chop-houses, and every other sort of Habitation that bears the Name of House in this Metropolis (not excepting those Receptacles of Wit dedicated to the Worship of Cloacine) I shall desist from any Description of him ; let those, who doubt of his *Generosity*, apply for information to his Landlady

The Mason work'd, his Pile was good,
 But rose like all his Works of Wood;
 With various Horns and Trophies spread,
 That spoke the Praises of the Dead;

255

near Clarendon-Market, or the Waiters at Durham's Chop-house. — Let his *Gallantry* be ascertained from the deserted Damsels on Essex-Bridge, my friend Kitty Cutdash, or indeed any ripe Spinster, who has ever felt his Amorous squeezes—As to his *mental Abilities*, I myself, who am allowed to possess *most extraordinary Parts*, might attest their amazing Extent; but my Modesty would urge me to refer my gentle Readers to the Waiters and frequenters of the Globe Coffee-house, where the Doctor daily recites his Productions, particularly in the epistolary Way. N. B. The Doctor has found out a Method of carrying on correspondences with all Sexes, Ranks, &c. in every quarter of the Globe, without putting himself or his Correspondents to any Expence.—The Reader will perceive I have taken great Pains with the above Note, as I wish to pay every possible Compliment to this agreeable and amiable Commentator on my Works.

AUGUSTUS CARRION.

The

The *Base* a various Mass display'd,
 (In orderly Disorder laid)
 Swords, Pistols, Blunderbuffes, Foils,
 Hoods, Fellows Caps, Collegiate Spoils,
 Boots, Inkhorns, Hobby-horses, Dolls, 260
 Books, Lawyers-bags, and written Scrolls ;
 The skilful Artist to design
 His Wit and Prancings caballine ;
 Four Figures at the *Corners* rears,
 With Horses legs and Asses ears ; 265
 Each Figure bears a Human Face,
 And Mouth that spreading Whiskers grace.

Above fair Alma was exprest,
 With Locks dishevell'd, tatter'd Vest ;
 Her Children lost, she sadly mourn'd, 270
 In Duels slain, or Atheists turn'd ;
 While weeping Science dug a Grave,
 To which her treasur'd Tomes she gave :

Hibernia

Hibernia with her Harp stood by,
 And view'd the Work with gloomy Eye; 275
 In College-Gowns two Swordsmen stood,
 And dy'd their cruel Hands in Blood;
 Pourtray'd with Art, a Pump was near,
 And *Printer* chill'd with panic Fear;
 A Croud the Work of Torture sped, 280
 And Torrents spouted on his Head;
 The *Top* the Goddess *Moria* crown'd,
 With Cap and Bells to make a Sound;
 With Visage mask'd, unsightly Shame;
 With Trump posterior, evil Fame; 285
 With rattling Drum, and brandish'd Knife,
 Stood empty Noise, and brawling Strife.

To speak the Praises of the Dead,
 These Words might on a Scroll be read:

Here lyeth,
But not at Rest,
In vain Expectation of that Oblivion
Which Vice and Folly wish to find,
Which Mercy and Charity would fain indulge,
but
Which Scorn and Hatred cannot allow,
The Body of JOHN PRANCER,
Whose Form expressed
The Qualities
Of his Mind ;
Whose Mind the most
Perverse Composition
Of Nature's Hand
Being a Strange Union of the strongest Contra-
dictions,
Pride with Meaness,
Avarice with Profusion,
Folly with Cunning,
Fear with Temerity,
Servility with Petulance ;
Whose Life and Fortunes were as wonderful and
contradictory
As his natural Endowments,
For he succeeded in his Pretensions
By their Extravagance :
He established a Character for Abilities,
By

By loudly proclaiming that he possessed them;
 And obtained an uncommon Accumulation
 Of inconsistent Employments,
 By his unabashed Importunity,
 And insatiable Rapacity,
 In soliciting them.

His Life shewed the immediate Interposition of
 Providence.

For as his Rise was sudden and unmerited,
 So was his Fall

Unexpected and ridiculous ;

As his Vaunts had been high,
 So was his Humiliation signal ;

As he had done much Harm,
 So was his Remorse poignant.

He had plumed himself on the Powers of Wit and
 Eloquence,

And soared to a Station

For which he was unfit,

And now these very Powers

Were successfully employed against him,

To strip him of his borrowed Plumes,

And reduce him to a Level

With the meanest of the People.

He was a leading Advocate,

Without knowing the Laws of his Country ;

The Head of a learned Seminary,

Though profoundly ignorant ;

And

And a professed Duellist,
 Though a notorious Coward;
 But his Insufficiency was seen,
 And his Practice at the Bar forsook him.
 He disgraced and disfigured
 The learned Body he governed,
 And was therefore removed.
 He was judicially punished for a Breach of the
 Peace,
 Yet could not obtain the Reputation of Valour.
 Reader,
 Whilst thou despisest the Man,
 Think not his Life was vain :
 From the Success of his extravagant Pretensions,
 Learn to conquer foolish Diffidence,
 And set a proper Value
 On the Talents which God has given thee;
 And, from the shameful End,
 The Ridicule and Sorrow,
 Which have attended the Gratification
 Of his ill-directed Ambition,
 Learn that most important of all Lessons—
To know Thyself,
 And chuse proper Objects
 For the Exercise of thine Abilities.

F I N I S.

(11)



